

A Very Bad Thing by [disturbedbydesign](#)

Series: [Deviance](#) [2]

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Summary:

Just some gross Hop Daddy kink. Exactly what it says on the tin.

A Very Bad Thing

Hopper pulls into the parking lot of a fleabag motel and parks his Blazer out of sight. No one needs to know who he is here and it's better for everyone if they don't. He's about two hours outside Hawkins, in a town that people don't leave; there's no reason for anyone to know his face or his name, but he'll use a fake one anyway. He had to get out of town, if only for the night.

Hopper has been plowing his way through Hawkins for over a year now, and this series of mostly regrettable decisions has come with an unexpected consequence. Perhaps he would have expected it had he given half a shit but it is what it is: Hopper can barely walk out his door without coming face to face with a woman who he has known, carnally, in the not too distant past. These interactions have ranged from slightly uncomfortable to violent. He deserved worse than a slap across the face and he knows it, but it still stung like a bitch and he doesn't care to repeat it.

Tonight he's on the prowl for some strange. He checks into Motel Hellhole under the name John Baker, takes a quick shower and some pills, and he's off to the gritty looking bar up the road. Any bar walking distance from a place this nasty is bound to contain a few women willing to make that ten minute walk for a good time with a stranger. He's not above going home with a pro, either. He'll take any pussy that comes willingly, and with no strings.

Sarah notices him the second he walks through the door—that tall, thick stranger with the beard and the thighs that she could already picture smothering her—and she decides she has to have him. She doesn't know exactly how old he is but she's willing to bet he's got about fifteen years on her. It doesn't matter; he's exactly what she's looking for and she's old enough to make her own decisions. She's a college graduate now—an adult, not a child. She has a steady job, she pays her bills, she can do what she wants, and nobody can tell her what to do anymore.

Especially not Him.

She hates the term “daddy issues”—it’s far too reductive—but it is what it is and she can’t help the things that she wants. She will always blame Him for the way that she is and her therapist says that’s normal. Of course, the doc doesn’t know about the things she craves in the dark, with other men—strangers who could be Him but aren’t. Maybe this is exactly the kind of thing she should be talking about in therapy instead of her usual lies and half-truths but she just can’t bring herself to admit it, even to another woman. Some things should only be discussed in the dark.

It’s rare for her to get this worked up so quickly but this one is truly special. By the time he’s at the bar she’s already thinking about what he might look like bending her over his knee and spanking her until her ass is a searing red. She wonders how far he would let her go—if he’d let her say the things she wants to say but can’t talk about. She wonders if he has things he can’t say either.

Hopper is savoring that first sip—the burn of the whiskey scratching the itch he’s had since 10am—when the jailbait sidles up next to him on a mission. She’s young—too young—but she asks anyway.

“Buy me a drink?”

He shakes his head and laughs. “No.”

“C’mon,” she says. “Just one little drink.”

He turns to her and gives her a quick up-and-down. Early twenties, he thinks, everything is still high and tight on this one. Still, it’s best to be certain.

“Lemme see some ID.”

She just laughs, but he’s dead serious and she eventually digs her driver’s license out of her purse. “Happy now?”

25. It’s questionable, but older men than he have done far, far worse and it’s not the kind of night for scruples. Then he sees her name.

Shit.

“Sarah,” he says. “Pretty name.”

He turns away from her, back to his whiskey, hoping she’ll go away.

“I always thought it was kind of boring,” she says, “but if you like it...”

She hops up on the bar stool next to him and he’s praying that she’ll just leave him alone but she’s relentless—fiery and desperate. She crosses her legs and swivels to face him.

“I’ll take a Jack and Coke with lime,” she says.

Just one drink, he tells himself. He will buy her one drink, make polite conversation, and then leave.

The bartender pours Sarah’s cocktail and sets it down in front of her, and when she takes Hopper’s money she gives him a not-so-thinly-veiled look of disapproval. Deep down he knows this nice, old bartender lady is right, but it still pisses him off. Who the fuck is she to tell Chief Jim Hopper what he can and can’t do? Granted here he is not the Chief—he’s good ol’ John Baker from nowhere, just passing through.

It only took that one look from the bartender to make him want to do Very Bad Things to this eager young thing sitting next to him. Because now it was a challenge designed to disgust this old hag behind the bar who had the audacity to question him. Chief Jim Hopper does whatever the fuck he wants, for better or worse.

Sarah squeezes the lime in and stirs her drink with her finger, sucking it dry in a way designed to hold his attention. It works, because on nights like this one he is more animal than man.

“So,” she says, “you know my name but I don’t know yours. That’s hardly fair.”

Hopper clears his throat. “It’s, uh, John,” he says.

She raises one eyebrow. “Is John really the best you could come up with?”

He meets her eyes and they are blue-green and bright with youth. "Do you really care what my name is?"

"No," she says. "I don't."

She finishes her drink far too quickly and Hopper orders her another one. He hears the bartender mutter "pig" under her breath and he smirks at her as she walks away.

The walk to the motel is a short one but it feels much longer in heels. Sarah is using Hopper's wide body to steady herself but it's still slow going.

"Why do women wear those things?" he asks.

"Because men like them."

He chortles under his breath and pulls a pack of smokes from his pocket.

"Aren't you gonna offer me one?"

"Don't smoke," he says, lighting one up. "It's bad for you."

She rolls her eyes so hard it hurts. "Whatever you say, Daddy."

She didn't mean to say it. It just slipped out. She hadn't even meant it *in that way* in this particular circumstance but, well, it's out there now. She waits, and the pause is excruciating.

"Good girl," he says.

Even in the dark she can see his smile is wicked. He's drunk—they both are, but she's acting drunker than she really is. She doesn't know why, exactly. Maybe it makes it easier to play the game she wants to play. Maybe she just wants him to want to take care of her. And he does, too. It's in the way he hugs one arm tight around her waist to keep her steady, and the way he asks, "You sure you're alright?"

"I'm great," she says. "Never better."

The closer they get to the motel, the louder the voice gets: *This is Wrong. This is Wrong. Do not do this.* It's a voice, ever so slightly maternal, that he hears often and never listens to. Tonight is no different; it's worse, even, because his demons are getting louder and hungrier as they approach the door to his room—contrarians drowning out every last shred of reason.

Psst, they say. Do this horrible terrible Very Bad Thing with this pretty young daddy-less girl. Psst, they say. Don't you miss being someone's Daddy? Be her Daddy for the night. This one you can help. This one you can save.

Maybe, just maybe, this will help you.

Of course it won't, and he knows that, but the whole concept holds a sick sort of allure and she is clearly desperate for a kind stranger to indulge her in whatever it is she needs to do. He assumes she's got her reasons for wanting things this way and he knows that it's none of his business. It's easier not knowing. Everything's easier in the dark.

"It's cold out here, Daddy."

It sounds different when she says it: none of the innocence and sweetness of a child, but still with that pleading tone, that need to be both seen and heard.

"We're almost there, princess."

He has no earthly idea why he calls her that but it feels like the right thing to do. Hopper turns the key in the door and she pushes past him inside, flopping down on the bed and shedding the troublesome heels.

"Feel better, princess?"

"Yes, Daddy."

This is a hell of a lot more than he bargained for tonight and he doesn't really know what he's meant to be doing, but one look at her sitting expectant on the bed and he realizes that he doesn't care. He knows this is a Very Bad Thing but it doesn't feel that way; it feels like blood humming under his skin, muscles tensing, and a throbbing down below. In this room with this girl, Hopper feels powerful, a protector. It feels fucking good, and isn't that the point of all of this? To feel good for a little while before he inevitably feels bad again?

He crosses the room and sits, legs splayed, in a chair across from the bed, never once taking his eyes off her.

"Bring me a cigarette," he says, and he waits.

Before tonight, in all her years of sexual activity Sarah had only found two guys willing to indulge her darkest urges. The first was some frat guy in college who would have done anything to get in her pants. She appreciated the effort but it just wasn't right: he was too young, too short, too lean. He was a boy; she wanted a man. The second was a guy she met in a bar near her apartment in Indianapolis. She'd just graduated and moved as far away from home as she reasonably could, and she'd been in the mood to celebrate cutting that particular cord. The guy fit the basic qualifications but even with beer goggles he was borderline repulsive: bad breath, thinning hair, his body the wrong kind of thick. She felt sick afterwards, and swore she'd never do it again.

Neither of them compare to this John, or whatever the fuck his name is. He's everything she's ever wanted—a little bit more, actually, because he is thick *everywhere*. She's trying her best not to choke on him but even with his hands clenched tight in her hair and his voice stern, he's being almost delicate with her.

He sounds calm when he speaks, almost bored: "You sure know your way around a dick, don't you? Got a lot of practice I bet, taking home random guys to suck and fuck when you don't even know their fucking names. Didn't Daddy raise you better than that?"

He didn't, actually, but her cunt throbs anyway when he says it. She

can barely breathe and he knows it and releases her, and when she pops off his cock she wipes the snot and spit off her face and says, "I'm sorry, Daddy."

"You will be," he says. "Stand up."

She gets up quick and stands stark naked in front of him. He's leaning back in the chair, languid, with one hand stroking his cock and the other stroking his beard. He takes his time soaking in every inch of her. She's buzzing with the need to be touched and whispers, "Please," without thinking.

"Please what?"

"Please punish me."

He smiles lazily at her and says, "What am I gonna do with you?"

"Whatever you want," she says, and she means it.

"You've been a bad girl, princess."

"I know, Daddy."

"And what happens to bad girls?"

"They get the belt."

It just slips out. She doesn't mean it or want it and now she's frozen in place, waiting, hoping she didn't just ruin everything.

Please don't.

He shakes his head slowly and she releases the breath she didn't know she'd been holding.

"No belt," he says. "Not for my princess. No, you'll just get a good old-fashioned spanking." He pats his thighs. "Now get on Daddy's lap and take your medicine."

There is nothing in the world that feels better to Sarah than a good hard spanking. Something about that sharp, stinging, red-hot pain

mixed with her inevitable arousal is sickly familiar and provides a kind of release she can't get any other way. He has big, bruising hands and he's not afraid to put a little muscle into it and leave his mark on her. She hopes she will see it there tomorrow, after her new Daddy is long gone, as she stands naked in the bedroom of the childhood home she's still forced to visit. She can see it now: the over-the-shoulder examination, counting the bruises and tracing the handprints in the full-length mirror on the door while He sits quietly downstairs, waiting for mother to bring Him his dinner.

A series of three quick whacks gets her squealing and squirming like a pig in his lap but he holds her there with his forearm. She can feel his cock hard against her stomach. She can't see his face but she can hear his gruff voice loud and clear.

"Spread your legs."

She does as he asks and he runs a thick finger up and down and then, finally, pushes inside her. He grunts at her wetness and the ease with which she opens up for him. His other hand is kneading an ass cheek already swollen and raw and the combination of the two sensations—fire and water—brings her close to coming.

"Don't stop, Daddy."

He's not speaking now, only grunting and growling his approval as she starts to push back against his fingers and take them deeper. He smacks her hard, once, and then leans over and licks a hot trail across the small of her back.

"Fuuuck," she says, long and low, and he smacks her again, harder this time.

"Watch your fucking mouth."

She can barely find the breath to say, "Yes, Daddy," but she does and then she feels herself coming hard around his fingers. He sounds underwater when he says, "That's a good girl."

There is a moment—brief but horrifying—when Hopper is struck

with a terrible clarity. In these few seconds, with his cock deep in this girl's throat, he is clear-headed enough to acknowledge the absolute depravity of the situation. It is playing on a loop in his head—"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy"—but it's Her voice he is hearing. He almost pushes her away, pulls up his pants, and walks out the door, but he doesn't for one simple reason: it feels fucking fantastic. Hopper is deep in animal fuck mode and even though he already hates himself, when has that ever stopped him?

She's whiny when she comes, which he usually finds irritating, but in this particular instance it seems fitting. He's ready to fuck this girl through the mattress now so he stands her up, lifts her by the underarms, and tosses her onto the mattress like she weighs nothing. The demons are back now, loud as ever. *Psst, they say, fuck her raw, fill her up with cum and make yourself a new baby girl.* But even he knows that's a bridge he can't cross so he wordlessly digs a rubber out of his wallet and tosses it to her.

She gets it on him with practiced speed and she's begging him to fuck her in some truly disturbing terms. He thinks about which way he wants to take her first and he decides he wants to see her work for it. He sits on the edge of the bed and pulls her in close.

"Hop on," he says. "Ride Daddy's dick for a while."

She climbs on him, absolutely giddy, and within moments she's got him lined up just right. She lowers herself onto him, nice and slow, and when her ass hits his thighs and he can't get any deeper further she moans long and low.

"You're so fucking thick," she says, and he digs his fingers into her hips.

She's a bit too bony for his taste but she's light as anything and when she starts to work his cock he practically snarls. She's fucking him hard now, head thrown back and nails dug deep into his shoulders, sure to leave a mark. Hopper's eyes wander up from her perky little tits bouncing to a small mole on her neck—so pale and exposed. The animal part of him wants to sink his teeth into it, break the skin, taste blood; instead, he grabs her under the ass and stands up, balls deep in her, and fucks her until his arms give out.

She's on another plane now, yelling "Fuck me, Daddy," over and over again at a volume that would make him paranoid were he anywhere else but this sleazebag motel. This room has seen worse—he's almost sure of it. He tosses her on her back on the bed and mounts her, knowing he's close but not wanting it to end. When it ends it will become something other than what it currently is, which is an almost indescribable feeling of Wrong and Right and Good and Bad, all jumbled up in a big bag of Who Gives A Fuck.

He hovers over her, just the tip in, and she whines, "I want it."

He pulls out and slaps her clit with it. "Then ask for it nicely, you little brat."

"Please, Daddy," she begs. "Can I have it?"

"Say you'll be a good girl if you get it."

"I will," she says. "I promise."

He puts the tip in again and she bucks underneath him, trying to get more of him. He pushes her hips down on the bed.

"Wait for it," he says.

She whines again, like a bitch in heat this time, and he knows it's time to barrel toward the end of this thing he's found himself doing. He enters her with one punishing thrust and she scratches his back raw as he fucks himself to completion.

"Come in me, Daddy," she says. "Please."

He ignores it because he really does want to, and instead he opts for something messier. He pulls out, tosses the rubber on the already jizz-stained carpet, and says, "Finish me, princess."

And she does, with her hands and her mouth and those tiny tits that can't wrap around his girth. All the while she's telling him how she wants to taste Daddy's cum, and before he can stop himself he's got one hand on her jaw and the other in her hair and he's grunting and huffing his way over the edge.

He hits her in the eye, the hair, the back of the throat, and before he's blown the last drop he already feels dead inside. He is seized by a dark emptiness the likes of which he hasn't felt in a long time. She says, "Thank you, Daddy," and he can feel the whiskey rising, and when she tries to give him a kiss he jolts away from her, bolts to the bathroom, and vomits in the sink.

After a while he hears a timid knock on the door.

"Are you OK, John?"

It takes all the strength he can muster to put some power into his voice.

He barks, "Get the fuck out," and he can hear her start to cry before the door slams behind her.

When she's gone and there's nothing left in his stomach but bile, he lays down on the filthy bathroom tile and weeps. He whispers to himself, "I'm sorry, Sarah," like a twisted lullaby, hoping somehow it will reach Her.